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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Standing for Principle

Negotiations between the rail executives and the brotherhood chiefs, acting for the striking shopmen, broke down on a clear question of principle. Seniority was the bar to an agreement, as it has been from the beginning. The brotherhood leaders asked the executives, as Mr. Jewell had previously asked them, to admit that the men, after walking out, still retained an option on their old places. This option is purely imaginary. The Railroad Labor Board warned all strikers a year ago that if they quit the service as a protest against a board decision they would lose seniority rights. How can the executives, in the face of that ruling and of Chairman Hooper's recent reassertions of it, consent to restore the strikers to positions they held on June 30?

The roads accepted in good faith the Railroad Board's decisions and assurances. The men who stayed on were told that they would be advanced in seniority in so far as places ahead of them were vacated. New men were employed with the promise that they were to continue in the service and rank next to the workers who remained loyal. Chairman Hooper publicly approved these arrangements. They were fair and just and of great value in steadying railroad employment and contributing to uninterrupted service.

The representatives of the strikers want to persuade the roads to help to annul the principle established by the Labor Board. If the strikers are "reinstated" in the sense in which Mr. Jewell and the brotherhood chiefs use that word any one of them, if he doesn't get exactly the status he had before, can appeal to the Labor Board. The board will then be confronted by the fact that the roads voluntarily surrendered on the seniority issue.

The executives say on this point: "As this acknowledgment [of the strikers' seniority rights] would doubtless control the decision of the Labor Board on a dispute submitted under your second paragraph as to seniority and oblige it to render a decision against the old men who remained and the new men who entered the service, we cannot accept it."

No other answer could be made under the circumstances. The rail heads would be guilty of breaking faith with those who stood by them if they made such a compromise with the strikers. They would dishonor themselves. They are fighting for a principle which goes to the root of the present strike and which must be upheld if government regulation is to do what it was intended to do and railroad strikes are to be put an end to.

The Restored Convention

Direct nominations for all state offices superseded the convention system because of abuses which had grown up in the old system of choosing candidates. State-wide direct primaries were established by the Legislature largely as a protest against the bossism of such men as Murphy, who from a hotel room in a convention city directed the operations on the convention floor.

Tammany Hall, which was the principal opponent of direct primaries, was chiefly instrumental in bringing them about because of the methods employed by its leaders at every state and county convention.

The convention has been restored. Again delegates elected at local primaries will meet in September and make nominations for state offices.

If in these conventions delegates enjoy liberty of thought and action they probably will remain as political institutions. Governor Miller, for the Republicans, has announced that he has no intention to interfere in any way in the selection of candidates. He can be counted on to keep his hands off, as can most of the Republican state leaders, who will be glad of an expression of sentiment from all sections of the state.

There is evidence, however, that the Democrats intend to conduct this coming convention as they have conducted conventions in the past, by giving the deciding voice to the chairman of the New York County delegation, thus making him state as well as county boss.

A convention so directed will again raise a demand for direct nominations. If Mr. Murphy is sincere in his belief that the convention system is the more desirable he will not this year repeat his performances at Buffalo and Rochester and Syracuse.

Beyond Debate

The duty of Justice Coleman as a citizen and as a Republican has been stressed in these columns. The Non-Partisan Lawyers' Committee very properly calls attention to his duty as a lawyer. The code of ethics of the New York State Bar Association declares it to be "the duty of the Bar to endeavor to prevent political considerations from outweighing judicial fitness in the selection of judges."

This plain declaration leaves Justice Coleman but one course, the Non-Partisan Committee declares: to insist that his name be withdrawn from the Republican candidacy for Surrogate and that Surrogate Cohalan be named in his stead.

Justice Coleman faces a crisis in his career. So does Mr. Samuel Koenig. The matter holds no debatable elements. A more flagrant breach of the hard-won principle of a non-partisan bench has never affronted the voters of New York City. The Tribune deplores the action of both parties. As a Republican paper it regrets deeply that its party should thus sink to the level of Tammany Hall. Mr. Koenig has labored long to upbuild the Republican party in New York City. Why does he now permit an act which must discourage and dishearten every fair-minded element of the party?

Dispelling the Debt Fog

Secretary Mellon has disposed of two erroneous theories fostered abroad. The first is that Great Britain underwrote the debts of the other Allied nations to the United States, and that this gave Britain a special relationship to the entire debt problem. The second is that the United States is not opposed to linking the debt with the reparations and intertwining the settlement of Britain's debts with those of the other Allies.

In his ill-timed note about the debts Lord Balfour implied that Britain had underwritten the debts of the other Allied nations to the United States and indicated that the burden which Britain thus assumed weighed upon her. Although the passages referred to are written in the adroit and often ambiguous style of Lord Balfour, the impression given is that Britain has assumed more than her share and that she is therefore in a position entitling her to special privileges. This whole thesis is denied by Mr. Mellon, who quotes from Treasury Department communications to show not only that the British government did not underwrite the debts but that the United States was from the start of the opinion that the loans to each country should be dealt with separately. Britain's debt to the United States, he points out, grew out of direct transactions with this country for advances made for the account of Great Britain. They had no relation to advances by the United States to France, Italy and the other countries.

In making this clear the Secretary of the Treasury at the same time answers in the negative Lord Balfour's plea for joint consideration of the debts and definitely opposes connecting the debts with the reparations settlement. That this would be the policy of the Administration has been clear from the various unofficial statements that from time to time have been made about the suggestions from Europe to link the debt and the reparations. The amount of the German reparations should be determined by Germany's ability to pay, and not by America's willingness to remit debts.

Secretary Mellon's statement should clarify America's position in the eyes of the Europeans. Once the idea is understood that the United States will consider the Allied debts only separately, dealing directly with each debtor nation, many misapprehensions will vanish.

The Coal Commission

The only question of importance raised in the debate over the House coal commission bill was whether the commission should necessarily contain representatives of the operators and the miners. Mr. Bland, of Indiana, made a fight for a board in which the public's spokesmen should act as umpires and compromisers for two rival groups appearing for the operators and the workers. President Harding, however, had opposed a mixed body of that sort and his desire for a commission dissociated from the coal industry prevailed.

The Cleveland conference, controlled largely by Mr. Lewis, provided for a fact-finding commission, functioning more or less within the industry. Its recommendations would be framed by men who have a personal interest in prolonging many of the conditions which have demoralized coal production. Mr. Lewis's violent opposition to arbitration shows how completely he is satisfied with things as he has shaped them and how eager he is to deny the public a chance to pass judgment on the coal industry's economical shortcomings.

The head of the miners' union is not averse to over-manning, for over-manning swells union membership and dues. It makes the union militant. It exaggerates the seasonal character of the industry, encourages the working of poor mines and puts the operators in a large measure at the mercy of union dictation.

There are operators also, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out, who think that they can make more profit in a disorganized than in an economically organized industry. He calls them coal "bootleggers." Their influence is pretty sure to be thrown with Mr. Lewis's against operating reforms, man power deflation, governmental rationing, arbitration and other schemes to relieve the public of excess coal costs, uneven production, summer strikes and winter famines.

The country wants to see an impartial investigation made of the ailing coal industry. It demands a show-down. It is more likely to get this from an independent commission. The modernizing of coal mining and distribution has ceased to be an industry problem and become a national one.

The Chartres of To-morrow

We wonder just what the late Henry Adams would have said to the plan of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram and others to regulate and improve art in the Episcopal churches of America. Nothing very encouraging, we fear. That dry old New Englander spent the last years of his life worshiping on his knees before Our Lady of Chartres, and his heart was sold—in the language of the great American faith, business—to the medieval idea. That idea is a long way separated from the present plan to improve ecclesiastical art by sifting out horrors and regulating beauty upward by control from above.

That much debated thirteenth century, long scorned as a period of crass ignorance, now much rehabilitated and by some regarded as the "greatest of centuries," had anything but an art controlled from above. The taste and enthusiasm that built Chartres Cathedral and all the other great churches of the period welled up from below; they were in the eye and hand of stonecutter and window builder quite as much as in the brain of the great designers. Rivalry between cities was one great stimulus; Chartres vied with Bourges and Rheims with Amiens—their people working with might and main—exactly as if all the citizens of New York should fall to upon their greatest church in an effort to outbuild Boston. Religion was the center of life. It sent knights and children alike careering off on crusades. It sent towering aloft the most wonderful buildings since the Parthenon, pulsing with life and fresh beauty.

Well, things are not that way nowadays. We have our wonders. Especially we have the towers of down-town New York, and anybody who thinks they are not wonderful would have been a killjoy in 1222 and scoffed at Chartres Cathedral, when building, as a strange, monstrously tall horror. But the great thrust of American architecture, the best in the world to-day, does not reach its great successes in church building. So one wonders about the new plan to save our churches from horrors. Is taste to be bettered in this negative fashion? Can anything more be achieved than a rather prim, conventional adherence to old styles? Perhaps it is the best that can be hoped for in a period of waiting between tides. It will certainly save sensitive retinas many awful wounds. But what of great churches? Is their day past or will some revival of exuberant faith send them soaring skyward again, as utterly original as the great Gothic cathedrals, to reach with their steel ribs a height and majesty that no cathedral builders before ever dared attempt?

Let the Boys Help

At last science has come to the defense of the small girl who rebels against household tasks that fill the out-of-school hours. A London doctor, who is also a school medical officer, and in a position to know whereof he speaks, declares that schoolgirls do not get enough opportunities to play and be out in the open air. Too much time is spent in the performance of domestic duties and sewing, and as a consequence girls suffer much more than boys from defective vision, heart disease, anemia and spinal curvature. His remedy is to have the boys share with their sisters the daily duties about the house, so that some of the precious playtime may fall to the lot of the girls.

For some unfair reason, custom has long decreed that the girls of the family must do the inside chores and baby tending. Only the outside chores, and in city and town life these are few, are regarded as boys' work. The rest of the time the lucky youngsters run free. Little girls feel the pull of the outdoors just as strongly as do their brothers, whether it be the pavement or the field that lures. But they usually rebel in vain when the kitchen calls for volunteers. The theory of grown-ups that girls take naturally to housework and cooking is all wrong. They don't. They merely yield to precepts and admonitions and Macedonian calls for assistance, or plain scolding. As for sewing, it is not until the passion for self-adornment develops that there is any call to the needle.

When they are young and growing they want outdoor play as much as their brothers. Even outdoor tasks are welcomed if tasks there must be. There was much hullabaloo a few months ago over the girl caddies discovered on nearby links. Many people were scandalized, especially those who did not hesitate to declare that little girls should be at home learning to do housework. Nobody stopped to think how much more fun and how much more health were to be found on the golf links than in the hot kitchen toting scrubbing pails or dishpans. When there is work indoors to be done, let the boys share it.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Why Do They Do It?

I reverence all of our statesmen;
My pulses are always a-throb
When I think I might meet, passing by on the street,
A man with a government job.
I like to believe they are marvels
Of vast and superior worth—
Not creatures like me, who are willing to be
Just average children of earth.

But when, as I wait at the movies,
Till a comedy reel is unfurled,
While they show the reviews of the once-a-week news
That is culled from all parts of the world,
And some eminent statesman is pictured
Stepping off of a ship to a dock,
Or making a speech at some popular beach,
It gives me a violent shock.

They show them in speed-boats and airplanes;
On warships and barges and cars;
They show them in camps in the costumes of tramps,
And smoking prodigious cigars.
They show them in faraway countries
Or at rest by a tropical sea.
But wherever they're shown, in a crowd or alone,
They always look foolish to me.

If I were an eminent statesman
(Which I'm heartily glad I am not)
When my labors were done I would hurriedly run
To hide in my lowly thatched cot.
For I'd know that no worshiping millions
Would be awed by my prominent place
If the cinema reel got a chance to reveal
The features composing my face.

The Lure of the Game

Everybody who has been in the railroad business wants to get back into it some time—including Uncle Sam.

Working Fairly Effectively

Just now about a quarter of the railroad employees of the country are operating the block system.

Temporarily Safe

It begins to look as if the peace of Europe would last, anyway, till the next conference.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

What the Miners Rejected

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In view of the fact that your newspaper did not publish the terms of the offer of the anthracite operators, upon the rejection of which by the miners the Philadelphia conference adjourned on August 22, a statement of these terms may be of interest. The offer of the operators was as follows:

"All mines to resume operation upon the execution of a contract extending to March 31, 1923, the wages and working conditions which were in effect March 31, 1922. This contract to provide that:

"(a) On January 3, 1923, the Anthracite Board of Conciliation shall meet in conference and determine wages and working conditions in the anthracite field effective for a period of one year beginning April 1, 1923. On January 3, 1924, the board shall meet in like manner to determine wages and working conditions for a period of two years beginning April 1, 1924.

"(b) In case there has been no agreement prior to February 15 in the years 1923 and 1924 the presiding judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the 3d Judicial District shall appoint three disinterested citizens of outstanding character and ability, who shall sit with the board to hear the argument and make findings with respect to the matters in dispute. These findings shall be rendered on or before March 15, shall be recommendatory in character and shall be subject to acceptance or rejection by either party within ten days thereafter."

The operators had previously proposed a binding arbitration plan to fix wages after April, 1923. When this was rejected the above proposal was made. It is described by the operators as "the extreme of concession," and it can scarcely be denied that this is a fair description.

The miners, however, would have nothing to do even with a plan for "recommendatory" findings by impartial umpires. Mr. Lewis had nothing to propose except that the operators should sign an eighteen months' agreement to pay the wages in effect up to April, 1922, when a strike was called, and thus make inevitable the maintenance of war-time prices for anthracite until April, 1924. D. T. PIERCE.

New York, Aug. 24, 1922.

The Tower

FROM THE LIFE

ALEXANDER MACTAVISH MACDOUGALL MACQUIE

Learned the virtue of thrift at his grandfather's knee;
While others their time to extravagance gave,
His single ambition was simply to save.

"'Tis better," quoth he, with resolve stark and stern,
"To keep all you can from the pay that you earn.
My savings in time independence will give,
And then I'll retire and start in to live."

Alexander MacTavish MacDougal MacQuie
Saved up and invested assiduously.
By walking to work and back, stormy or clear,
He thirty-six dollars reserved every year.

One-half of his salary went in the bank;
He used food but rarely; cold water he drank.
Particular folk at his clothes looked askance,
But he put into bonds what he saved on his pants.

Alexander MacTavish MacDougal MacQuie
Rather envied the fellow who went on a spree.
His ardent Scotch nature would now and then pine
For a song and the bootlegger version of wine.

"By abstinence now," so he said, "I'll employ
The wealth of the future on things I enjoy."
So he moved to a garret to save on his rent
And invested the balance at seven per cent.

Alexander MacTavish MacDougal MacQuie
Went over his books and discovered with glee,
That in forty brief years he had managed to raise
Enough to live well on the rest of his days.

"The dream of my life," he exclaimed, "has come true!
I'll do all the things I have dreamed I should do."
And freed from all want, at the age of threescore,
Alexander MacQuie went on saving some more.

The seniority issue has wrecked the chances of a settlement of the railroad strike. Apparently the union man who quits his job hotly resents the implication that he is no longer working for his late employer.

Unionism's motto is evidently: "Divided, we stand; united, we sit down."

But Sliplicity Is So Prevalent!

Sir: Submitted as the best line among the many favorable reviews of "The Old Soak" and found in Mr. Percy Hammond's review:

". . . neither the author nor the actors strain. They just go along affording you pleasure by the quiet siplicity of their vices and virtues."

Give me a life of quiet siplicity, every time! HILARY.

Before we indorse the current movement to convert America to sovietism we'd like to be certain what nation is going to undertake the relief work.

The Grand Old Game

Sir: The most popular form of Mosquito Golf is played on a one-hole course, varying in length according to the personal specifications of the player.

The game can be played at any time of the day or night and even in combination with other activities. The ideal time is after you have turned off the lights and slipped into bed. Darkness assists in concentration and the bed makes for the comfort of the player.

Only one club is necessary, with a head adjustable to all shots. Ordinary wood shots are made with the clubbed fist and a follow through decently regulated by the player's knowledge of how much damage each part of the course can properly absorb. Chip shots are safer and the result just as satisfactory.

From traps, such as the ear, good outs can be made with the thumb rigidly extended and a firm wrist movement. However, on these shots care should be exercised to remove such obstacles as noses and eyes from the path of the descending niblick.

It is never necessary to replace divots. They are as irrevocably lost as a case of gin in a police station.

Good Mosquito Golfers are rare, except in New Jersey, where constant practice makes them ambidextrous.

The game requires a wonderful keenness of ear to follow the ball, a nice judgment of distance and the patience of a jellyfish. Vocabularies are optional—usually depending on whether a gallery is following the game.

LOU.

Men henceforth will not be permitted to carry liquor on the hip, dry agents assert. It won't be so long before every rum raider will be equipped with a stomach pump.

Novels have been written on less than the following Associated Press dispatch from Chicago, printed in the evening papers yesterday:

"Walter Undaras, unrecognized sculptor, forty-three years old, bowed before the headless figure of the 'Winged Victory' in the Chicago Art Institute yesterday and shot himself through the head. One day before he had paid his last financial debt, for which he had given up his art after reverses and had taken work as a clerk."

Two women have been arrested charged with luring men to their home and then taking all their victims' money in crooked gambling games.

Yes, yes, of course. The females of the specie. F. F. V.

THE MONEY THEY LOSE ON A FEW STRIKES WOULD GO A LONG WAY TOWARD IT

The Pageant of the Viking

By Maud Howe Elliott

There are pleasant mid-Victorian memories awakened by the Newport Art Association's approaching musical pageant of "The Viking," which is to be produced for the first time on the evening of Tuesday, August 29. The pageant, arranged and set to music by the artists and musicians of Newport, as the announcement informs us, is an adaptation of Longfellow's poem "The Skeleton in Armor."

The circumstances which gave birth to this lyric ballad are full of a romantic interest. It was during a certain summer of the early '50s, in the period when Boston first "discovered" Newport and peopled it with some of the rarest literary and artistic stars of the time, who established themselves at the old Cliff House, overlooking Easton's Beach. Among others of the coterie were the Longfellows and their children; George William Curtis and his wife; Thomas Gold Appleton, accounted the most brilliant talker of his day; Charles Sumner and my parents, Dr. and Mrs. Howe, with their two elder children, my sisters, Julia and Florence. This galaxy of literary lights caused Count Gurowski to give the Cliff House the nickname of the "Hotel Rambouillet" after the famous literary center of Paris in the early seventeenth century. Out of *that* coterie grew the French Academy; Madame de Sevigné was its queen; Richelieu, Corneillé and La Rochefoucauld were its familiars.

The Skeleton in Armor

There was much talk among the literati at the Cliff House about the Scandinavian explorers, and great interest was felt in the voyaging of Leif Ericson and his Norsemen, who it was then believed had landed here and left as a legacy to Newport the Old Stone Mill, the "lofty tower" of Longfellow's poem. It was not long before this that a mill operative, a member of the well known Brayton family, discovered on the beach near Fall River part of a human skeleton and a bit of rusty armor. My mother's brother, the famous wit, Sam Ward, visited Fall River and saw the ancient relics, whereupon he wrote to Longfellow, his lifelong friend and college mate at Heidelberg, describing the discovery and urging Longfellow to visit Fall River and see it.

Sam Ward's Hint

"Dear Longo: There is a poem in this for you," my uncle wrote, showing the same literary instinct that led him later to set his nephew Marion Crawford's feet in the paths of literature after hearing him describe in conversation the original of Mr. Isaacs, the hero of Crawford's first brilliant novel. There is reason to believe that Mr. Longfellow was not slow to take Sam Ward's hint and that he visited Fall River, saw the skeleton and the bits of rusty armor and soon after wrote the poem which most people of my time learned to repeat by heart and in which I am still letter perfect.

The Art Association's pleasant grounds are situated on Touro Park, a stone's throw from the Old Stone Mill and next door to the old house formerly known as the Ashurst Cottage and now belonging to Mrs. Tompkins, one of the sustaining members of the association. In 1836 this house was bought by my grandfather, Samuel Ward, of the old New York firm of Prime, Ward & King. Here my mother, Julia Ward, and her two lovely sisters, my aunts Annie and Louisa Ward, held high court in the summers of their teens; here General Beauregard, of the Confederate army, and our own Admiral Luce both told me that they remembered dancing with my mother and her sisters.

The gay young people who will take the leading parts in the pageant are throwing their hearts into their work and the rehearsals go merrily on night and day. The Mayor of Newport has consented to have the Old Mill illuminated on the evening of the pageant, the grounds will be filled with a gay crowd of spectators, young and old, the stage filled with handsome lads and lovely girls.

In the audience will be several of the founders and the officers of the Art Association, among whom are the president, Harrison S. Morris, the able chairman of the entertainment committee; Mrs. Howard S. Graham and the musicians who have arranged the score; Mrs. George Eustis Corcoran and Mr. Shafter Howard. Unfortunately Mrs. Frueauff, who wrote the admirable scenario and has made it possible for the association to build the excellent stage, is in deep grief and cannot be present. Many charter members will be present, among them my husband, John Elliott, and myself, the secretary and general promoter of the Art Association affairs, and the two Sturtevant sisters, Louisa and Helena, both artists of merit. It was in Helena's fertile brain that the idea of the pageant first arose.

Shadow Guests

To some of the elders in the audience certain dim shadows are likely to appear among the guests, shadows of those guests of the old Cliff House who so long ago paced the streets under Newport's beautiful elms, or walked on the silver sands of what was then before its present desecration, the most beautiful beach in New England. Now, alas, Easton's Beach, over which William Hunt used to gallop, where George Bancroft used to walk up and down and where Channing thought out his noble discourses, has become the sordid commercialized place we see today.

Religious Reticence

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: J. T. Gould, writing to The Tribune in commendation of Captain David's faith when the Adriatic was in danger and of the editor's courtesy in reporting it, asks why newspaper men "so sedulously avoid the religious value" of things said by religious men. As you do not answer Mr. Gould's question, I will attempt to do so.

One reason why editors try to conceal any flavor of religion which may exist in themselves or their utterances is that nearly all the rest of us do the same thing. The typical ambitious American aims to be consistent, and to displease as few people as possible—and so, in most things, he makes his conduct as colorless as possible. With the great majority of us this is largely the result of selfishness and laziness; call it lack of enterprise. The easy course is to go with the multitude; and the multitude is not very religious, so far as can be judged with the naked eye. We are weak followers, not leaders.

It was the late E. L. Godkin, I believe, who said that an editor should be neither optimist nor pessimist; he should be absolutely independent, impartial, neutral—like the statue of the lady on the City Hall holding the scales. That may be a tempting ideal, but who is equal to it? You daily newspaper editors here in New York have beautiful standards of impartiality, by which your reporters have to measure their writings repeatedly every day; and yet your sympathy with this or that institution or cause stands out like a sore thumb in a dozen places in nearly every issue. Mr. Godkin, aiming to follow his ideal, often found himself in the ridiculous position of trying to decide some question that God had decided 3,000 years ago; that is, he assumed that there was a question to be decided to-day, when there wasn't any.

The fact remains that this is a Christian country and that the intelligent editor knows that Christian principles are the only basis on which he can rightly predicate his arguments for the improvement of society.

The editor or reporter who writes something friendly to religion, say, once a month, might find it instructive to try it once a week; then once a day.

B. R. BLANCHARD.

New York, Aug. 21, 1922.

Too Noisy Sirens

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I add my protest to that of your correspondent on the subject of the sirens on motor trucks?

City dwellers must of necessity bear with many things which are injurious to health; but these sirens are both injurious and unnecessary. Their screech jars the whole nervous system; it tends to confuse the man on foot, and he who loses his presence of mind in the traffic of New York stands little chance of saving himself.

M. V. R. WHITE.

New York, Aug. 22, 1922.

Perhaps Not Perfect

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I ask why the—I will not say "flapper"—rather, the ultra modern young woman of to-day, is so voluciferous in asserting that her manners, dress and point of view are not only all right, but superior to her mother's? You know the French say, "He that excuses accuses himself." Surely if the young woman is as perfect as she thinks herself it would not be necessary to indulge in such vehement self-defense, as there would be no occasion for it.

May I also ask why those who uphold gentleness, helpfulness, sincerity and grace should be voted "tired out," "old" or "dried up" without inquiring whether they are or not. I, for one, am none of these things, and yet, not being blind, spiritually or otherwise, cannot but see that the European standard of upbringing is to-day (not a hundred or even twenty years ago) far better and more sane than that which produces the brusque, careless and selfish girl who allows her mother to deny herself and do all the unpleasant duties. FAIR PLAY.

New York, Aug. 22, 1922.

Those Lost Causes

(From The Kansas City Star)

Monarchist groups in Europe are plotting to set up thrones in Bavaria, the Rhineland, Austria and Hungary. With things looking so promising for banished dynasties we wonder we don't hear of the Stuarts showing themselves again.